

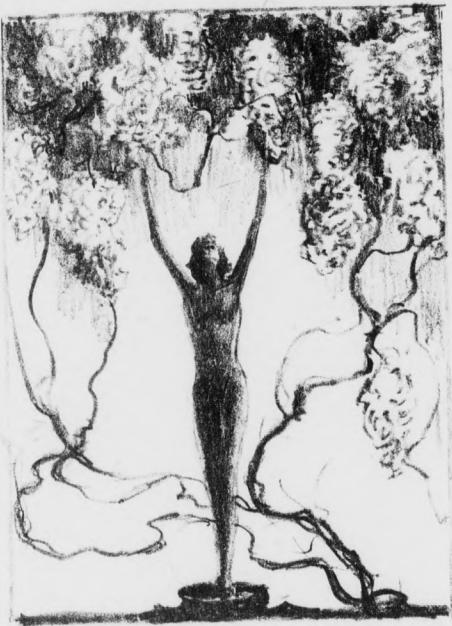
HIGH LIGHTS



a middle tree -

after James Densley

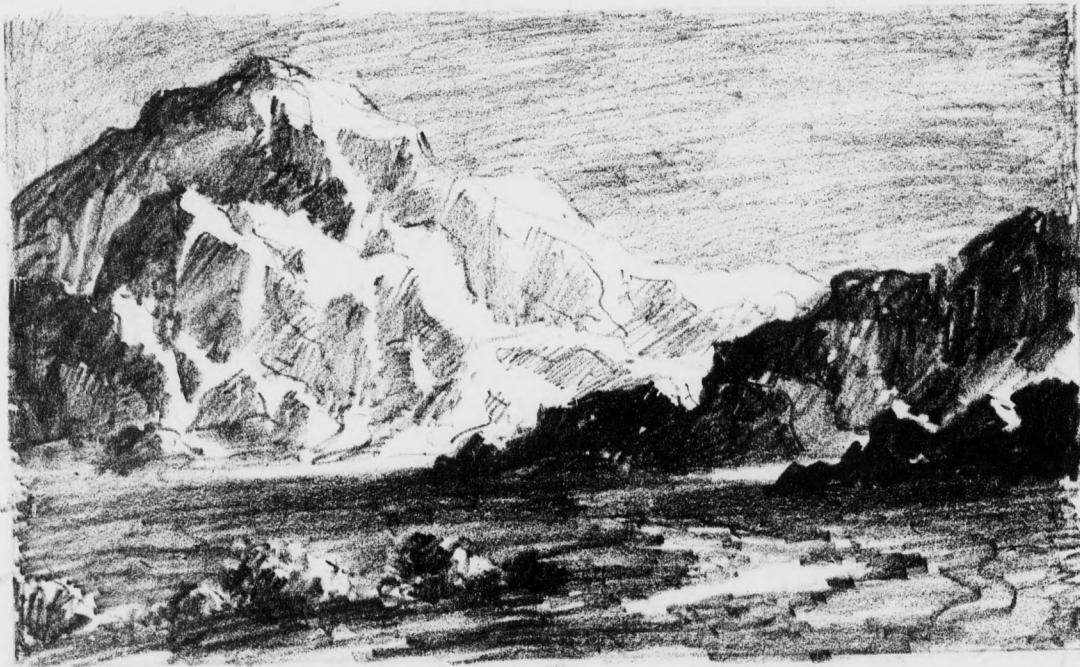
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SIERRA MADRE ARTS GUILD



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HIGH LIGHTS

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HIGH LIGHTS, from the foothills; issued by the Sierra Madre Arts Guild at the Old Adobe Studio in Sierra Madre, California.

EASTER

by Leslie B. Wynne

Now the silver cord is loosed,
The golden bowl is broken;
Out of silence, into night,
A whispered word is spoken.

Leave the cord and leave the bowl,
Their gleaming shards where shattered -
This, the word so seeming small,
Alone is all that mattered.

Down the ages while we grope,
And while we wait in wonder,
Back returns the whispered word
To fill our skies with thunder.

Once more March wanes - the Ides of March lie behind us - and the editorial fraternity centering about Santa Anita is computing its losses, girding up its loins, and setting forth again upon its annual crusade concerning the sin of gambling.

We use the word 'concerning' advisedly. If we had said 'against' we should have taken in too much territory. It is the ancient and eternal attribute of sour grapes to be sour. To produce or to exhibit a sweet sour grape would fall almost into the category of those transcendental accomplishments, such as making a two-year-old steer in a minute, with which the free-thinking element used to challenge the God of the pious.

Problems such as this actually did elicit much sophistry, and much harsh and incendiary argument pro and contra. And those who stood steadfast and firm for the faith of their fathers usually ended by conceding that while Omnipotence might not - as the illusion of time goes - be able to set so aside His own established laws as to cause two years to elapse in one minute, He could most surely within the space of one minute - or less - create a steer which would in no wise be distinguishable from one which had attained the Anno Domini of a two-year-old.

So much having been conceded we are faced with the argument of the grape. Undoubtedly it would be quite possible for a limitless creative ability to create a sweet sour grape. But somewhere along the line of procedure in making sweet a sour grape, would there not be a point at which the grape ceased to be sour and became wholly sweet? Or would it be like a confection seasoned with acid and saccharine? Would it remain ineffably sweet and excruciatingly sour until the bitter (?) end? And would the sweetness or the sourness (like beauty in the beholder's eye) rest wholly in the efficacy of the taste-buds in the mouth of him who avails himself thereof?

Now, as to the sin of gambling ... No: let us not so stultify ourself as to categorize "playing the ponies" with the more bestial forms of gambling. Let us not call it "gambling" at all. Whether the sin lies in the wagering, primarily, or merely in failing to pick a winner, is a moot question. Our observation leads us to the conclusion that it is the latter rather than the former. As a stalwart citizen, zealous in the pursuit of other people's business only insofar as it vitally concerns the general welfare, we find that most manifestations of the self-accusing spirit (viz. conscience) seem to follow the picking of the wrong horse, rather than the picking of a horse at all. In fact, winning at the races would seem to rate as a ranking virtue, almost; the only sin about it all being the sin of making the wrong choice - of losing.

This is notably the day of the 'smart- or wise-crack'; and day-in, day-out, the small-time editor is historically and in fact given to wise-cracking. Time was, indeed - and not so long ago - when most editors in little publications were composed in a kind of heavy-fisted, lugubrious playfulness. A trace of similar technique may be observable in the present writing - but no more than a trace.

Were we ourself not a poet, and well aware of the position of the poet - both in time and in eternity - we might venture that hoary-bearded chestnut about '... more truth than poetry ...' But, knowing as we do by dire experience that there's always more truth in poetry than there is poetry in truth ... well - we won't say it! Let the bolder spirit stick his neck out!

However, not being a prophet - or rather, not wishing to promote ourself as being one - we will merely suggest that you, gentle reader, if you happen to be interested, determine for yourself.

Use your ears and eyes; put your God-given faculties to work. Look, listen, and learn whether or not those who moralize upon the sins of gambling are the ones who picked the winners, or those who picked the losers.

N.A.

* * * * *

REMEMBER: Regular meetings of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild are held on the first Friday of each month, at 8:00 p.m.

SAN GABRIEL BELLS

by

Ruth Colman

In the age-scarred campanile
Grayed and worn by weather's stain
Hang the bells of famed San Gabriel
Brought by padres from Old Spain.
Mission arch with cross uplifted
Silent guardian of the bell -
Symbols that uphold traditions
Of that sacred citadel.

Ghosts still linger in the shadows
That the palm and vine have made;
Clamoring bells recall the voices
Of a vanished cavalcade ...
And the spirits of the padres
Trudge along the dusty way -
Hear the Angelus at evening
And in reverence kneel to pray.

BLESSSED EVENT

by

Anne Walters

Mrs. Puss moved heavily across the back yard. She must get to the house and yowl to be let in. But it seemed a long way. Her feet, that she was accustomed to set down so cautiously and noiselessly, dragged today and, presently, when she came to the little sandy spot where the grass was short, she stopped to rest. She lay down on her side stretching out all four feet and putting her head close to the ground.

The sun was high and its heat fell gratefully upon her. The earth itself was warm and filled with all the teeming sounds and smells of April. The tiny munching of moles and earthworms and of nameless underground creatures came up to her. The busy marching of ants on a path that passed her nose, brought the sound of the bending grasses and the sharp pungent odor of the ants themselves as well as the fetid smell of the carrion they were moving in infinitesimal loads from the flower bed to their hill beside the garage. In the clear air above her gnats did a folk dance to their own soft music. All these stirrings and murmurings Mrs. Puss did not mind. Indeed they seemed like the natural pulse of the spring responding to the fullness of her own body.

But the birds annoyed her. The orioles were back. Building their nest in the rose arbor again, in that place where the vines were too thick and thorny for her to get through. A butcher bird was digging in the pansy bed. Mrs. Puss felt as though she ought at least to give them a scare but a great indolence possessed her. Even when the blue jay who had played tag with her for a year lit on the ground and picked up a worm, flirting his saucy wings not three feet away, she lay still, though her tail twitched in indignation. But when a mocking bird gave forth a flood of full-throated song from a branch directly above her, Mrs. Puss meaued her disgust and dragged herself wearily towards the house.

The white rose over the patio was in full bloom. The lightest touch of the wind made its petals fall in a veritable snow storm. Mrs. Puss looked at them without interest, remembering but idly how she had chased them and pounced upon them a year ago, pretending in kittenish glee that they were mice. And how the

Boy had laughed at her.

It was time for the Boy to come home now. There was the slam of the front door; the sound of him walking through the house; the smell of him on the other side of the patio screen door. "Meau!" demanded Mrs. Puss.

The Boy poured himself a glass of milk and then brought some out to put in her dish. Mrs. Puss ought to have been hungry but she lapped a few tongues-full of the milk and then looked up at the Boy again, pleading for understanding.

"Mrs. Puss wants to come in," the Boy said to the Woman who was working in the kitchen. "She doesn't seem to feel good."

"No," the Woman said firmly. "I can't have her in the house today. Fix up a nice soft bed for her in her box in the garage. Here's your old woolen shirt. Give her that."

The Boy was very gentle and kind. He picked up Mrs. Puss and carried her to the garage. "I wisht she'd let you stay in the house," he said. "But we'll fix up this just as good as we can."

He moved the box to a dark corner, shook out the old blanket and folded it carefully and then arranged the wool shirt on top of that. He lifted Mrs. Puss into the box and sat down beside her and scratched her chin in the way she loved.

Mrs. Puss sniffed the soft bed gratefully. She stretched out and tried to purr but there was something in her own body that would not let her rest, something that terrified her and made her need, as she had never needed before the comfort of human protection. She looked up at the Boy and meaued plaintively.

"Hungry, Mrs. Puss?" the Boy asked. "I'll get you something." He ran into the house and came back in just a minute, his eyes shining. "Here!" he cried. "Just what you like best! Salmon!"

The smell of fish had always intoxicated Mrs. Puss before. Now she tried desperately to want it, to want anything that would make her forget the strange sharp pain that began to possess her. She got out of the box and moved towards the salmon can. The Boy reached

out his hand to touch her. She gave a long howl of terror and anguish and leaped back into the box.

The Woman called the Boy to supper. "I'll have to go," he said, "but I'll come back just as soon as I can."

Mrs. Puss was left alone in the box. Alone with pain so great that it shut out the comforting smell of the woolen shirt; the exciting odor of the fish; even the fearful scent of the Dog-next-door. Pain that made all sound, even the voice of the Woman calling "Kitty, kitty, kitty," of no account. The whole soft body of Mrs. Puss became one all-enveloping, intrinsic sensation -- Pain.

And then, when pain was all there was of anything, out of it, out of the black, blinding, rending chaos of pain -- came Life!

The Boy had finished his supper. He came out to the garage to see why Mrs. Puss hadn't come when she was called, to see if she felt better now. He looked into the box. Mrs. Puss looked up at him with a tired, proud, "Meau!"

The Boy sprang up with a shout. "Mother! Why, Mother! Mrs. Puss has kittens!"

AN APPRECIATION

"Dear Mr. Addis: I must thank you for including my poem in HIGH LIGHTS. It is a beautiful magazine, and especially interesting as I know the work of several of the contributors.

The cover by Alfred Dewey is strikingly beautiful. It is worthy of being framed.

Sincerely yours,

Beulah May"

(The above fine statement of appreciation for our little magazine, voluntarily contributed, came to us but recently. Miss May, well known as a poet, is in charge of collecting the works of California poets for the Huntington Library.)

SEVEN GREEN PARROTS

by

Beulah May

I bought
Seven green parrots
To swing on a tamarind
Grew by my door.

All spoke
Broad Hindustani,
Every last one of them
Fearfully swore.

No one
Knew what they dithered of,
Save an old buccaneer
Marooned ashore.

Says, "Ma'am,
If I should tell of it
You'd never be the same,
Not any more.

Best take
All of the feathered fiends
Down to the market place,
Maybe they'll sell."

But folks
Hummed and were finnicky,
Till a black gentleman
Came up from Hell.

Paid me
Seven bright sovereigns,
Glowered and smoked
With a terrible smell.

Now my
House reeks of brimstone,
Wish I'd my parrots back,
Cursing and well.

(From the YEAR BOOK of
The Poetry Society of Georgia)

ARTS GUILD NOTES

by

Bill Burke

Alfred James Dewey enjoyed a "busman's holiday" at the Arts Guild meeting of March 7, which he "highlighted" by painting a picture.

For several hours the audience watched a transition take place from plain canvas to a roughed in landscape. Through it all Alfred explained how light, color and composition govern a finished painting.

An amateur, Alfred said, looks at a scene, and sees a definite color, whereas a trained painter looking at the same scene sees color as reflected light.

This is why some people do not see scenes as painters paint them; say there are colors in the pictures they cannot see in the subject. Painters are aware that a color effect is the result of a mixture of many colors, that although a meadow may appear a definite green, there are all kinds of other tones present. A scene may not have more than five per cent green, yet appear green. Reflected light makes the difference. For those who still do not "want" colors in pictures they cannot see in nature, Alfred suggests they stand far enough away from the picture, so they get the effect of mass, and lose the disquieting details of strange colors.

The arrangement of the objects in a picture is a fundamental requirement of a good painting, Alfred declared. Few natural scenes can be painted exactly as they are. Some objects, unnecessary trees or buildings, must be left out. Scenes must be re-arranged so that masses of color fall into pleasing patterns. Painters know that the human eye follows certain laws, such as, for instance, going instantly to the middle of an object looked at. Composition, or the arranging of the objects in a picture, must be related to such facts.

Following Alfred's painting, Jascha Gegna and Miss Helen Swaby offered the gathering an innovation in music, playing several violin duets for the purpose of recording, and then "playing them back" to their listeners. The two musicians were as entertained by the unusual recital as the audience.

CAMERA CLUB NOTES

by

Harry Arnold

Miss Carolyn Woodhull, artist and art instructor, well known for her many beautiful water colors, was the speaker at the first March meeting of the Club. Miss Woodhull, instructor of art and compositional photography at the Pasadena Junior College, has devised a unique method of analyzing the compositional quality of a picture. Photography and painting are closely associated in the field of art, and Miss Woodhull has bridged some of the gap between them. Composition is hard to explain and much harder to teach. It is an inherent quality in most artists but in few photographers. Miss Woodhull's talk served to make us amateurs more conscious of this artistic quality.

Miss Woodhull also acted as judge for the current snow picture contest resulting from the field trip to Big Pines. The first prize was awarded to Mr. Jack Folk who contributed several fine prints. The second prize was won by Harry Arnold, while the third prize went to Russell Arnold. Both these prize prints, according to general opinion, were declared fine pictorial "shots". Miss Woodhull complimented all the members of the Club on the fine quality of their work.

On April 7, Monday, the Club will be the guests of the Pasadena "Y" Club. Members will leave the Old Adobe, Sierra Madre, at 7:15 p.m. that evening for the trip to Pasadena. Those wishing to go, should meet at the Adobe at that time. Those, however, for whom it may be more convenient, may meet the others at the Holly entrance of the "Y" at 7:45 p.m. All are requested to bring their pictures of "curves" to be entered in competition that evening. Our next assignment is a photograph of any object costing not more than ten cents, and the prints are due at the meeting of April 24.

Remember what Simonides said, - that he never repented that he had held his tongue, but often that he had spoken.

Plutarch - Morals

MUSICAL REVIEWS

by

Isabel Young

We almost hated to see March come to a close, so varied and rich has been its offering - literally crammed with musical events and worthwhile plays.

The Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra ended a brilliant season with a concert pair March 27 and 28. The guest conductor was Georg Szell, and the soloist violinist, Joseph Szigeti. The conductor and soloist were in perfect accord and gave a magnificent reading of the Brahms Overture. A concerto by Brahms and "River Moldau" by the Bohemian, Smetana, rounded out the program. It will be three months before we hear again from this great orchestra.

Kirsten Flagstad, Metropolitan's dramatic soprano, was the star, March 14, at the symphony pair under the baton of the young American conductor, Edwin McArthur. In the "Prelude and Lone Death" from "Tristan" none can approach Mme. Flagstad in her rendition of that wonderful music. She has the regal manner and the noble dignity of a true Wagnerian prima donna.

Another highlight in March was the Los Angeles debut of Dorothy Maynor, young negro soprano. She has an inherent naturalness about her, captivating and delighting her audience right from the start. Her gay "Der Kuss" by Beethoven and the tender "Ave Maria" were among some of the numbers performed. She ended her program with negro spirituals which she sang with ease and sincerity.

A perfect ending to a glorious musical season was found at the Wistaria Fete at the Wistaria Vine Gardens, listening to those inimitable "Norrieses."

On the concert calendar for Spring we have Artur Rubinstein, Tuesday, April 1; Veloz and Yolanda, that sensational dance team, on Thursday, April 3; Nino Martini and Jose Iturbi, April 15 and 22, and many others.

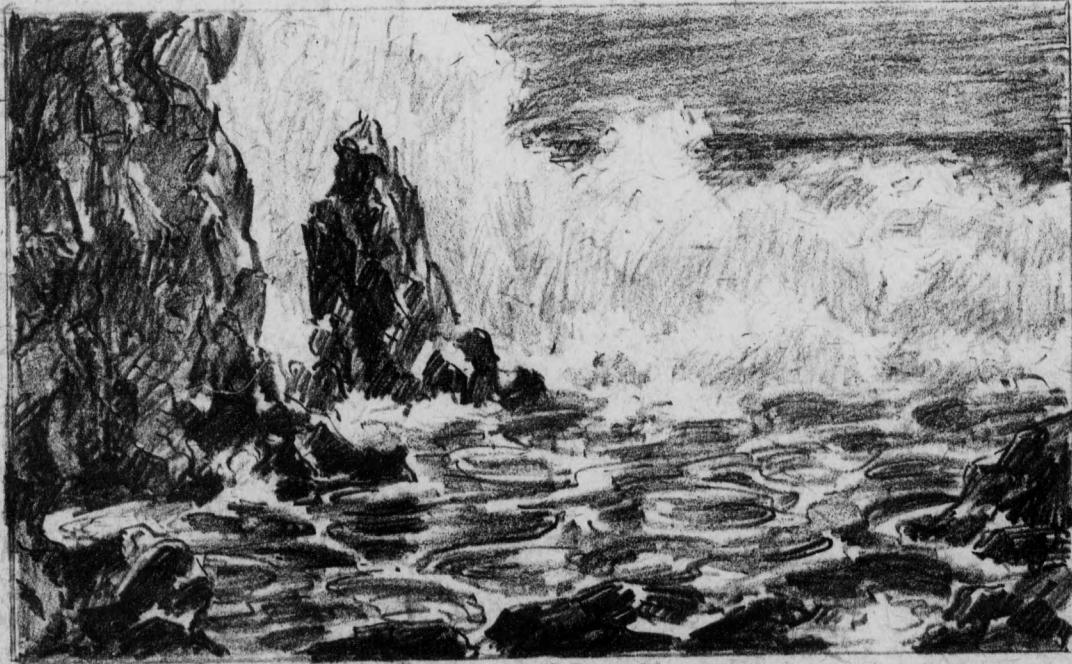
Do not forget to include the Padua Hills Players on your must list for Spring.



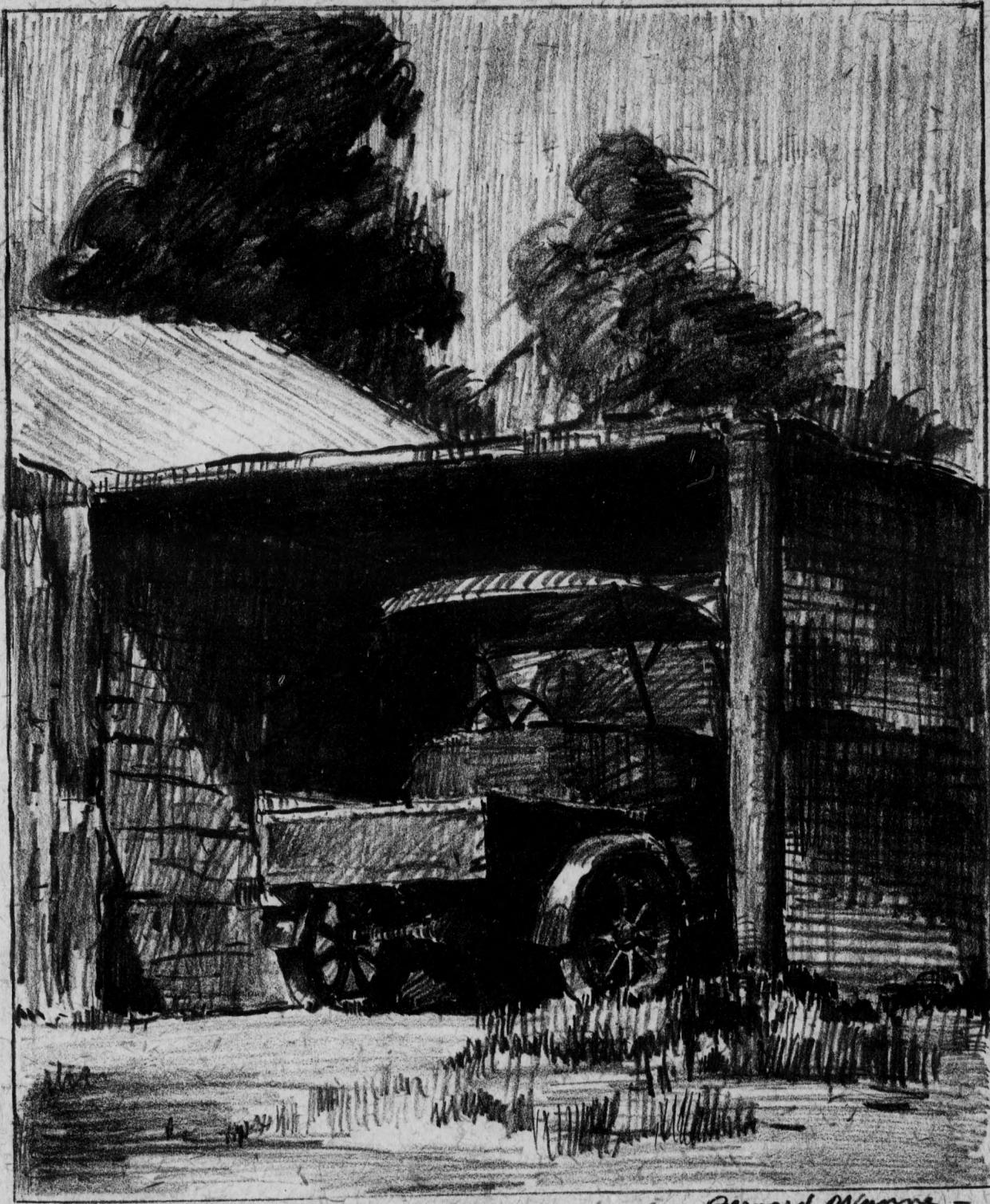
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- Bernard Weyne -